SHE BET AND WON.

Experience of Two Gotham Girls at the Race Track.

THEIR PRELIMINARY TRIALS.

Among Them Were Heat, a Perfidious Friend and a Disrespectful Cabman. From the Grand Stand They Saw Berry Wall's Trousers and Some Good Racing.

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This is the time of year when, finding it too sultry to do her shopping or promenading or even to stop at home in a darkened room with a palm leaf fan, the latest novel and a pitcher of claret punch, the young New York woman says to herself: "I think I will go to the races." So she puts on her most fetching frock and sets

A HOUSE RENOWNED FOR WHOOPING.

out for the apartments of her dearest woman friend. She is at once shown into the dainty bed room where her friend stands before her lace draped toilet table covered with fat pincushions and silver brushes and things, putting the powder on her saucy little nose, but stopping long enough to inform the newcomer that she is a hopeless idiot for going and that she will wish she were dead before she reaches the grand stand.

However, as the young woman persists in her infatuation the friend agrees to die with her. So she climbs into her smart gray satin coat, her maid ties the small gray suede shoe, she covertly thrusts her red velvet powder rag into her pocket and some money in her purse, and states that she is now ready to be grilled alive.

They get down one flight of stairs. "Good gracious! I've forgotten the tickets," and back she goes to the foot of the stairs and lifts up her voice for the bits of pasteboard which will give them a private box among the swells and the opera bouffe people, instead of sitting back with the "vulgar herd."

Another start. "Ye gods! how burning—I shall roast. I must have a fan." Back again, and the little woman, announcing that probably there isn't a house in town so renowned for whooping, yells up the stairs for her big black fan. Down it comes in the small hands outstretched to receive it, and once more they set out. This time it is not a false start. They board a boulevard car, for they must stop at the Grand Central depot for an imbecile female who has misunderstood directions and who has telegraphed she will meet them there at 12:50.

But she is not there. Of course not. Who ever knew a woman to be at a place at a given time? They rush through the great depot looking wildly around for an escaped female; they tackle the guards and ask if they have seen a woman in a mauve gown with a black lace hat. The men grin sheepishly and say "No," and as it is now 1 o'clock they conclude that the third woman may go to the demnition bowwows, and once more turn their faces toward the Third Avenue Elevated station. A whirl up to Harlem and then, as they descend the stairs, they are surrounded by the hack drivers, who beg and beseech for the inestimable privilege of driving them over to the station.

In a weak moment they yield to their blandishments and listen to the voice of the charmer. "A quarter apiece," says the man in shirt sleeves who assists them into the ramshackly old ark in which they are to make their triumphal progress. "Well, why don't you start?" they ask the driver, after waiting vainly five minutes for a move.

"We want to get two more, mum."

"Never mind two more. We're in a hurry. Go on."

"Cost you a half dollar apiece then," he snarls. What are they to do? Be cheated and imposed upon in this fashion? Never. Blue blood boils at the thought, and seeing a neat hansom approaching they signal it, and amid a perfect volley of yells, curses and expostulations they disdainfully leave the "barouche" and drive proudly away in the cab, vain as peacocks to think they have outwitted a hack driver.

NOT TO BE BULLIED BY A CABBY.

Crossing Harlem bridge and noting the crowd that is going up in the train, our girl's heart sinks and she decides to drive there providing the driver does not demand a week's salary for the luxury. For a wonder, doubtless because she deserted the enemy and came over to his side, he is inclined not to ask her a sum quite equal to the national debt, so presently the two are bowling along a lovely country road where the trees meet overhead and the pungent odor of the pines steals from the woods and God's own sky can be seen once more.

At last the grand stand, gay with flags, looms up before them and alighting from the hansom they are seized by a stout darky and vigorously brushed although there isn't a speck of dust on their fresh toilets. Then up that magnificent promenade and down the stairs through a shouting crowd to their box. They may think this ovation is for them, but it isn't. A race is just finished and the scarlet jockey is clinging to the neck of his horse as he speeds him home, and a prominent comic opera star in the box next theirs is opening her mouth wider than she ever did on the stage as she sees her favorite win.

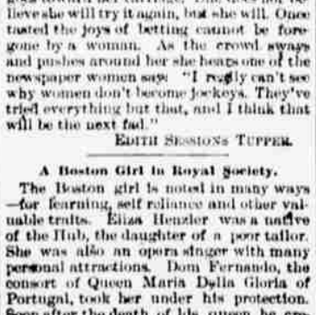
Look about! Tier after tier of faces, crowded boxes and a vast army of men down below on the turf. Handsome women, well known women, women of the masses and women of the half world. There is Rosina Vokes yonder smiling down at her husband, who stalks about with two friends, looking exceedingly happy. "I don't think Berry Wall is such a very well dressed man," says a little woman near by. "See how crumpled his trousers are;" and looking down on the king of the dudes our girl honestly thinks there are hundreds of men present who are better dressed.

Look at this crowd of comedians and singers in the next box. The star who has just won wears a pink gown which is sadly unbecoming. The girl next her looks as if she had just stepped out of a kitchen and another is as dark as the queen of spades. How different from the houris of the night before, when these dazzling creatures turned the heads of half the old chappies in town. On the other side sits a handsome snowy haired, black eyed man, a well known broker, and our girl smiles wickedly as she remembers the story of one of his escapades at the sea shore. The showy woman with him is not his wife, but the wife of his friend.

See the gorgeous raiment of that woman yonder. Solomon in all his glory would be nothing beside her, while the best dressed woman present, as far as our girl can see, is one who wears a dove gray cloth gown and gray tulle bonnet, with a cluster of violets nestling in its fluffy folds. On her shapely breast is a knot of violets, and she daintily holds a gray silk parasol by its silver handle.

"See my racing handkerchief," says a little woman displaying a filmy affair embroidered in designs of jockey caps, whips and horseshoes. One woman has her white waistcoat embroidered in scarlet horseshoes, and she looks dreadfully horsey.

Now they go down stairs for luncheon, where again they see many types of women. There is the woman in her best black silk. She looks thoroughly uncomfortable, as she ought. There is the woman who stares. She cannot eat for staring at her neighbors. She twists her neck nearly off trying to see what the people at the next table are paying for their luncheon. She is so fearful that something will get away



WINNING HER FIRST WAGER.

that between her gobbling her bouillon in great haste so as to lose no time and her gawking about the room she is indeed a spectacle.

Here comes the opera bouffe queen. She orders the luncheon for her crowd, as she is very flush just now. There is a royal spread over yonder for the broker and his friend. A woman goes out looking very flushed in the face, and jokes with one of the waiters as she passes him. There is an interesting trio—two well known newspaper women and a bright man, a magazine writer. They are more interested in their work than in the mices, and as they discuss their sherry cobblers snatches of talk about "copy," "stuff" and "publishers" float to our girl's ears.

Upstairs again for the final race. She has had a tip from a woman who can pick out the winning horse like any old tiner, and who won $700 last summer at Saratoga and who naively confesses that if she were a man she would be an out and out gambler. So our girl backs the horse from the west. She can't see very well during that last race, the dust—or something else is it?—blinds her eyes but at last, with a great pounding of her heart, she sees the violet jockey shoot ahead and knows she is several dollars richer than when she came.

"A bird in the hand," she thinks, as she goes toward her carriage. She does not believe she will try it again, but she will. Once tasted the joys of betting cannot be forgone by a woman. As the crowd sways and pushes around her she hears one of the newspaper women say: "I really can't see why women don't become jockeys. They've tried everything but that, and I think that will be the next fad."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

A Boston Girl in Royal Society.

The Boston girl is noted in many ways—for learning, self reliance and other valuable traits. Elisa Henzler was a native of the Hub, the daughter of a poor tailor. She was also an opera singer with many personal attractions. Dom Fernando, the consort of Queen Maria Della Gloria of Portugal, took her under his protection. Soon after the death of his queen he created the Boston girl countess of Edla and afterward married her. Her husband, being originally a prince of the house of Coburg, the Boston girl became sister-in-law to Queen Victoria, aunt of the Prince of Wales and the present king of the Belgians and mother-in-law of the reigning king of Portugal.

Tuyen Kong has gone back to China from equatorial Africa with a fortune. He worked as a laborer, bought goods with his wages and sold them to the natives at a profit. Kong was one of a party of 200 who were taken to Senegal some years ago. All his companions are either dead or destitute.

BREAKING UP OPIUM DENS.

The Work Undertaken by a Female Detective in New York.

Ida Radcliffe is the nom de guerre of a young woman who has of late been making life a burden for the keepers of aristocratic opium smoking dens in New York city. Pretending that she was a victim of the pipe habit she secured access to various

IDA RADCLIFFE.

uptown "joints" and then furnished condemnatory information to the police, who raided the places and arrested the proprietors and inmates. The Radcliffe girl's doings caused a great flutter among opium devotees and the other night one of them struck her down in a hallway. She managed to escape to a police station, where protection was given her.

In the course of her career as a detective Miss Ida furnished the reporters with several romantic tales regarding herself and the reasons why she pursued so relentlessly the keepers of "pipe joints." She related the sad history of a father and brother wrecked mind and body by the habit, whom she had sworn to avenge, but the search light of inquiry when turned on her past revealed the fact that her relatives are reputable residents of Brooklyn, do not bear the name of Radcliffe and by no means approve of the life Miss Ida has been leading for some years. In a word she is not an avenging Nemesis, but a hired employe of the police department.

A FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

She Has Saved Many a Person from a Felon's Cell.

The prisoner's friend.

That is the title which Mrs. Pauestine Schaffner, of New York city, has gained because of her six years' work on behalf of accused persons who are penniless. Every day she visits the Tombs, and once a month she goes to Sing Sing searching for cases where power and opportunity have combined in an effort to crush the weak, the unfortunate or the oppressed. Since undertaking her self imposed mission Mrs. Schaffner has become surety for hundreds of people, and only one has violated her confidence by "jumping" his bail. Nearly all the persons whose causes were advocated by her have been acquitted. Their legal expenses she has defrayed out of her own means.

MRS. SCHAFFNER.

Mrs. Schaffner is the wife of a retired merchant, and has an elegant home on West Fiftieth street, but the comforts of domesticity have in a large degree been sacrificed by her that she might devote time, intelligence and money to securing the proper ends of justice.

PLUNDERED THE FREIGHT TRAINS.

A Man Whose Nerve Failed Him Now in Custody.

He stole $50,000 worth of goods within the short space of a year.

This is the record which railway officials and detectives claim has been made by Alonzo E. Hutchinson, formerly a yard switchman of the Denver and Rio Grande railway at Silda, Colo.

ALONZO E. HUTCHINSON.

For months the managers of transportation companies had suffered mental pangs and pecuniary losses because of the claims of patrons whose goods had disappeared en route. An inquiry begun last winter at last narrowed down to the hamlet of Silda, 250 miles west of Denver, where all freight trains come to a halt.

The place swarmed with detectives, who failed to detect anything until Hutchinson, who was not suspected, fled, after shipping two large trunks to Denver. These, on being intercepted and examined, proved to be full of stolen goods, and in the cellar of the fugitive's house was found a great quantity of merchandise belonging to defrauded shippers. After some difficulty Hutchinson was located at St. Louis, arrested and taken back to answer for his crimes. He is but 28 years of age and quite intelligent.

Knocked Out by Wild Geese.

From Blandon, Pa., comes the queer story of a battle between birds and man, in which the man came out second best. Irwin W. Bossler, so the tale goes, while fishing in the Maiden creek, was attacked by two wild geese. He was standing in the middle of the stream when one of the geese suddenly flopped upon him, knocked off his hat and sent his rod and line flying into the water. As Bossler grabbed for his hat he received a blow which almost broke his arm and sent him sprawling upon his back. He waded out, but had no sooner reached the bank when another wild goose attacked him and dealt him such severe blows that he was compelled to retreat. He finally crawled up a tree, where he was rescued completely exhausted.

Seven-year-old Herman Felter is badly handicapped in the struggle for existence. He has but one leg and no home. When found in the hallway of a New York tenement house the other night he said that he had been sleeping in cellars and under sidewalks for a year. A street car made a cripple of him.

For three days Mrs. George Marshall, of Anniston, Ala., was a bride. Then she took morphine and killed herself. She and her husband had quarreled over the manner of arranging the furniture in their new house.

SHOT DOWN IN A CAB.

The Sensation Which Recently Agitated the People of Montreal.

A fight for a child that culminated in a fight for life.

MRS. AND FLORENCE COWLES.

In brief that seems to be the story of the recent Cowles shooting affray at Montreal, an affair that lacks none of the elements of sensationalism.

In 1879 Eugene H. Cowles, son of the proprietor of The Cleveland Leader, married Alice Hale, the daughter of a wealthy Ohio banker. The couple lived happily until about five years ago, when Mrs. Cowles began to suspect that her husband had engaged in an intrigue. Of this it is said she later on secured absolute proof, but a reconciliation was brought about through the intervention of the husband's father, Mr. Edwin Cowles.

Promises of reformation were followed by fresh lapses, and when Edwin Cowles died he showed in his will the evidence of the displeasure caused by his son's conduct. He left the young man only a net income of $3,000 from the estate, but provided handsomely for Eugene's wife and child, the latter a bright little girl named Florence. The couple separated, Mrs. Cowles continuing to reside at Cleveland and her husband going to Lockport, N. Y. On his last visit to Ohio Mr. Cowles secured possession of Florence and fled with her to Canada. He was followed by his wife and her brother, Mr. C. C. Hale. The parties to the difficulty met at Montreal.

C. C. HALE.

After considerable argument Mr. Cowles agreed to show where he had concealed his daughter, and the three entered a cab. As it rolled along the streets passers by were startled by a shot, a woman's shriek and a struggle. Hale had sent a pistol ball through Cowles' neck, the latter, he alleged, having attempted to kill his wife. The wounded man was taken to a hospital, Hale was arrested and Mrs. Cowles found quarters in a hotel. Legal proceedings immediately instituted gave the mother custody of her child. At this point there is a temporary lull in the family quarrel, for no further steps can be taken until young Cowles recovers. Then, if he chooses to prosecute, Mr. Hale must stand trial for the shooting. If he declines, the other phase of the affair the dispute over the property and the child—will doubtless be settled in the Ohio courts.

WAS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE?

The Mystery Surrounding the Violent Death of an Illinois Girl.

Was Ella Cordell murdered, or did she commit suicide?

This is the question at present agitating the minds of a large number of people in Iowa and Illinois. On May 26 Miss Cordell, a prepossessing young woman of 24, left her home at Industry, Ills., to visit relatives at Bowen, in the same state. She was last seen alive at Golden, where she purchased a ticket for Keokuk, Ia. As the term of her absence lengthened her family grew alarmed and began a search. While this was in progress some fishermen found the body of a woman stranded on the beach of an island in the Mississippi, a few miles above Canton, Mo. About the same time hunters stumbled on an empty grave in Crooked Creek bottom, a desolate portion of Hancock county, Ills.

ELLA CORDELL.

The fishermen buried the unknown corpse where they discovered it. A few days later it was dug up, and proved to be the remains of Ella Cordell. The body bore marks of violence, but whether they had been received at the hands of man or while floating in the river is yet to be established. Those who favor the assault and murder theory believe that the tragedy occurred in Crooked Creek bottom, and that the assassin first buried the body there, but afterward exhumed it and cast it into the Mississippi. One man toward whom suspicion pointed was taken into custody at Keokuk, but afterward released for lack of evidence. Before leaving home Miss Cordell borrowed a revolver of a male friend. This is now missing.

WOULDN'T BE DARED.

The Reason Dan Wilcox Took a Leap to Death.

Dan Wilcox, a noted swimmer of Cincinnati, has saved over a score of people from drowning. Proud of his record and his skill he was occasionally given to boasting, and this led to his death.

The other day friends who had been regaled with stories of his prowess and ability dared him to jump from the middle span of the Louisville and Nashville bridge to the river below. Dan "wouldn't be dared" and made the leap. He turned in the air and struck the water breast downward. When picked up blood was gushing from his mouth and ears.

DAN WILCOX.

In response to an inquiry he replied that he felt all right, and walked slowly up the hill to his house, where his wife and children awaited him. He sat down in a rocking chair and twenty minutes later expired. An examination showed that the liver, lungs and stomach had been ruptured.

Wilcox was 35 years old, and highly esteemed by his fellow workmen along the river front.

At Cohansey, near Bridgeton, N. J., Farmer Johnson had an old fashioned barn moving the other day. One of the men present playfully picked up a mouse and threw it at Johnson, who in trying to dodge it let go his timbers. They fell on him, [illegible]

THE QUEER LITTLE COAT.

One difficulty there was about little Hobron. He was very eager to begin new things, and would work at them as diligently as any one while the novelty lasted, but his zeal never held out to the end; he would get tired and throw his work by. Little Hobron never finished anything. He had a top half whittled out, a windmill three-quarters done, a white oak bow without string or arrows, and a ship that would have been a beautiful little plaything if its deck had been made and its masts put up.

It did not matter so much about his playthings as it did about his lessons and his work. The school teacher was delighted at first by Hobron's eagerness to take up every new study, but he soon grew grave when, after a few days, he found that the lessons were never likely to be more than half learned.

This was no way for him to grow into an earnest, useful man, and his parents at last became very anxious about their little boy's great fault.

"Something must be done about it, that's certain," said his father, "or he never will be good for anything at all. We have tried talking long enough. I have made up my mind. I am going to send for that wonderful new tailor to come and make Hobron a coat."

"I suppose it will be for the best," said the mother, with a sigh.

So the tailor came in a great hurry, for he was full of business, he said, making clothes for so many boys in the village, a different patron for each one. His eyes twinkled and his little sharp face seemed to laugh all over, as he worked away on Hobron's new coat. Hobron watched him cut and baste and sew for a little while, and then he got tired.

"I'm going out to plant popcorn," he said, and away he went with a great flourish, swinging his hoe and rattling the corn in the pan. But in ten minutes he was back again, playing with his dog and teaching him to carry a basket.

"Have you finished planting the popcorn?" asked the tailor.

"Oh, no," said Hobron; "I planted a few hills, and then I got tired. I'll finish it some other day."

"Ah!" was all the tailor said, and his eyes twinkled more funnily than ever as he ripped out a few stitches he had just put in.

At last the little coat was ready, and Hobron was called to put it on. He was to wear it to his cousin's house that afternoon. The coat fitted beautifully, not a wrinkle anywhere.

"It almost seems as if it grew on me," said Hobron, well pleased, and he walked up and down before the mirror. But suddenly something on one side caught his eye.

"Why, Mr. Tailor," he exclaimed, "you haven't quite finished it. Here's a seam on the side you haven't sewed up."

"Oh, that's no matter," said the tailor, who was putting up his thread and needle, "folks don't always finish things, you know. I believe you haven't planted the rest of the corn yet, have you, my boy?"

"No," said Hobron, staring at him, "but what of that? And just look here, here's another place you haven't done, you haven't but half sewed in this sleeve. Just look at that!"

And he raised his arm, displaying an alarming space indeed. But the tailor did not seem to mind it at all; he only said, as he took his hat to go:

"Oh, that's no matter; that can be done any time, as you said this morning when you threw down your hatchet before you had cut half brush enough for your mother's sweet peas!"

"Come, Hobron," said his mother, "it is time for you to start, if you mean to spend the afternoon with your cousin."

"Why, am I to go looking like this?" exclaimed Hobron, growing red in the face.

"Yes," said his mother, gently, "until you learn to complete what you undertake you must be made to feel the inconvenience of unfinished things."

At the same time she felt sorry for her little boy, and would gladly have sewed up the seams for him, but she knew that was out of her power, for this very uncommon tailor who made coats to fit faulty little boys did his work in a very uncommon manner, and was not to be interfered with.

"Oh, well, if that's what it's for," said Hobron, in surprise, "then I'll go out at once and finish cutting that pea brush."

"And don't forget the corn," said the queer tailor, with one of his twinkling glances, "and I'll wait here till you come back."

So, away ran Hobron, much amazed at his unexpected predicament, and seizing the hatchet, he soon had a nice heap of brush cut for his mother's garden.

"That's done!" he said to himself, and it seemed to him that his sleeve felt better already. Then he hastened to the corn hills. That was harder work, but he dug with all his might, for his spirit was up, and then he went quickly from hill to hill dropping in the pearly little kernels of corn, five in a hill.

"There, that is a satisfaction!" he exclaimed, well pleased with his work. "I had no idea it could be done so quick."

"Hum, hum," said the tailor, shrewdly, "we shall see how it will be another time!" But he took out his shining needle, and almost before you could wink he had sewed up the seam, and sewed in the sleeve. What a beautifully fitting coat it was! He was certainly a remarkable tailor.

Then off went Hobron to his cousin's house. He played marbles with Dick for awhile, and then he began to cut a whistle for the baby. But the wood did not work well at first, so he threw it down half done, and strolled into his aunt's room, leaving poor little Tommy ready to cry at his desertion.

"Why, turn around, Hobron," said his aunt, suddenly, "if there isn't a little rip in your coat right between the shoulders! Come here and let me sew it up."

And as she threaded her needle she exclaimed at the beauty of his little coat, and its fitting so remarkably well. But when she tried to mend the rip she found, to her amazement, that she could not make her stitches hold. They broke away as fast as she took them.

"I think," said Hobron, uneasily, "I had better go and finish that whistle for little Tommy."

So he went to work again on the whistle, and pretty soon it was done, and gave forth a clear, sweet sound that delighted the baby immensely. Then Hobron ran back to his aunt.

"Please sew up the place now, auntie," he said.

And sure enough, she sewed it up without the least difficulty at all. She would have wondered at the affair very much if her mind had not been preoccupied by a recipe for a new kind of salad that the cook was making for supper.

The very next morning Hobron ran off to school with his arithmetic lesson unlearned, and he did not mean to learn it, either; he meant to copy off the sums from some other boy's slate, and slip along through the recitation in that way.

"Hullo, Jeff!" he called out to the first boy he met in the school yard, "lem'me look at your slate a minute."

"Yes, take it if you want to," said Jeff, good naturedly, but just then another boy shouted:

"Ho! Ho! Hobron's got a letter in the postoffice! Let's see if it's a long one!" And running up he seized upon a handful of Hobron's white shirt that showed very plainly through a great rip in the elbow of his coat sleeve. The other boys came crowding about, laughing and hooting, and Hobron grew red with shame and anger.

"I won't wear the hateful coat!" he exclaimed, and tried with all his might to pull it off, but it fitted so well and so close that he could not remove it, and there was the shocking rip full in sight to make him the laughing stock of the whole school.

"Oh! Oh!" he muttered; "if I could only have my revenge on that tailor!"

But there was no use in fuming and raging, and Hobron felt pretty well assured in his own mind that the rent in his coat would stay there till the neglected lesson was fully learned. He glanced up at a neighboring church clock; it wanted still twenty minutes of 9.

"It is too bad," thought Hobron; "but I may as well go about it at once."

So he sat down on the school house steps and began to cipher away very diligently, to the surprise of the boys, who were not used to seeing him in such a mood. The lesson was really not a hard one, and to Hobron's own surprise as much as any one's, by the time the bell rang all the sums were done in order on his slate. He walked into the schoolroom with quite a proud, independent feeling.

"It is better than if I had copied them all, and had a poor recitation," he said to himself.

But where was the terrible rip in the seam of his coat? One of his friends had tried to pin it together for him, and he must have succeeded wonderfully well, for there was no sign to be seen of the place where the rent had been, and even the pin could not be found. But when Hobron went home at noon and told his mother, she smiled a little and said she was glad he had finished his arithmetic lesson before school began.

Hobron got caught once more that day. He was out weeding the lettuce bed for his father in the afternoon, when it suddenly occurred to him to swing on the low branches of the apple tree, and away he went. Up and down, in the sweet, fresh air, clinging to the elastic young bough, swung Hobron, and he thought he was having a splendid time, when down the street came his Sunday school teacher, and paused a moment by the fence.

"Why, Hobron!" she exclaimed kindly, "you are losing the collar off from your pretty coat!"

Down sprang Hobron with blushing face, and back he went to the lettuce bed, which this time got a thorough weeding. Could it have been that his teacher was mistaken? For when he had finished and put his hand up to his collar, it seemed to be all right; there was no trouble there.

Hobron began to grow careful. This wonderful little coat that fitted him so well had such a way of calling him to account the minute he neglected anything. Why, even if he slipped on his shoes in a hurry without tying up the strings, as boys sometimes will, just as likely as not he would find one of his coat buttons hanging by a single thread, ready to drop.

So Hobron improved, and at last he got into the habit of finishing everything he began, because it was so much more pleasant and satisfactory to do so, and not because the mysterious coat was so ready to admonish him. He grew to be one of the promptest boys you ever saw, and it became a real pleasure to see him undertake anything, it was so sure to be well done.

And now a strange thing happened. The coat did not fit him so well as it did at first; it seemed to wrinkle and set awkwardly on his shoulders. One day the tailor came by, and when he saw Hobron his eyes twinkled funnily, and he said:

"The coat don't fit you any longer, my boy, and I believe I must buy it of you at second hand, and make you a better one. This will just answer for little Jimmy Lake, who hasn't got in more than six shovelfuls of coal yet, that his mother bought a ton of, day before yesterday, and there it lies on the sidewalk for thieves to steal and honest folk to stumble over. Whom the coat fits, let him wear it."

So the tailor made Hobron a new coat that fitted beautifully, and not one stitch in it ever ripped. You can imagine how delighted all his friends were.

Don't you wish you knew where this wonderful tailor lives, children? If you did know, should you want him to make your jackets and coats and cloaks for you, or would you be afraid of his sharp, twinkling eyes?—Saturday Review.

A Butterfly Existence.

Humorist—My jokes are never old.

Critic—And never will be. They all die an early death.—Yankee Blade.

FADS OF THE BATHERS.

SOME WAYS OF STEAMING THAT BEAT THE TURKISH BATH.

A Newspaper Writer Is Put Through a Process Which Makes Her All the Colors of the Rainbow—An Ordeal Which to the Uninitiated Is Akin to Torture.

The fads of progressive New York women will kill me yet. Last week I took a "pack," and I am nearly dead. Lost twenty pounds and the power of locomotion for twenty-four hours. My lips and eyelids turned electric blue and my complexion is a pale green with ecru mottling. I wanted some medicine—a big dose—with a fillet of lettuce, prunes, Graham rolls and hot water to see if I could put down the rebellious biliousness of my skin and put on a silver gray gown. I went to see the bathing mistress in the Hoffman house, who used to steam and knead the Jersey Lily and who did several hundred dollars' worth of grooming for the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough. She told me that I "ought to get packed."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Good looks! You can come here for a night or I will go to your house and give you a pack that will make your hair curl."

I gave her my card and made arrangements to be ready for her two days later.

Her parting command was: "Take a five meal fast to rest your system, and you will be the color of a lily when I get through with you." She did not say what color or what kind of a lily at the time, but I have since learned that the model she had in mind was the tiger lily.

THE "PACK" DESCRIBED.

I took the fast, and the day she arrived I was as hollow as a pipe stem, and the weakness of the traditional cat was muscular vigor compared to the general woeness of my interior. A small mountain of comfortables and blankets was collected, my bed was stripped and covered first with a rubber and then a pongee sheet. Over this was laid a wet sheet wrung out of boiling water in which I was folded like a prehistoric mummy.

The sensation was a little smart at first, and I had a lurking fear that the original hue of whiteness was being scorched from my spinal column. Satisfied of my mistake I relapsed into a state of passivity and the mistress of the bath transferred the mountain of blankets from the floor to my bed. Then she put a cool, wet napkin on my head, and there I lay with the weight of Atlanta's on my already caved in anatomy and every pore in my body streaming like a country pump. I tried to think I was having fun, for it was a day off and it has always been my motto to make my own sunshine.

Do what I could with my thoughts I felt the blood pumping into my brain and making violent and forcible efforts to escape. The stately mistress of the flesh brush made me keep still, changing the cold cloths on my head, slipped morsels of crushed ice down my throat and encouraging me by frequent reiterations that I was doing well and would have a beautiful color. I stayed in the pack three hours and perspired until I thought there was nothing left of me but the last breath. Then I dropped off of something—I don't know just exactly what—and when I was about to get a glimpse of heavenly things with a lot of short waisted early empire girls and small dimpled boys in feather trimmings floating about in atmospheric nonchalance I was rudely shaken and told to open my mouth. That ended the pack.

THE SENSATIONS AFTERWARD.

I was dosed with French brandy, rubbed with alcohol, polished off with a pair of bath mitts that had the grain of radish graters and put to bed again between warm sheets.

The packer gave me a cup of bouillon, a chop, a roll and a glass of claret, and stayed with me until I finished the first morsel of food I had tasted in fifty hours. Bidding me keep quiet and stay inabed a day or two she relieved me of a $5 bill I had been saving for a crimson parasol and went off. When I looked in the glass I saw a reflection that beggared the horror portrayed by the impersonators of Violetta and Camille in their last scenes. I was a sort of cut heart red with a mottling of yellow fever and black plague patches done in the fashion that Limoges vases are under glazed. My eyes were on fire, the lining of my lids was white and green, my nostrils were pinched and my lips shriveled and were onion blue in tint.

Briefly, I was a horror. I looked like a resurrection. Mentally I was as idiotic as the ushers in the Bible wedding. But I had been "packed," and there is some satisfaction to a crack brain to know that she has one less fad in the gamut of fooldom to investigate. I have given up the ideal of a gray frock and buckled down to a diet of rare roast beef, boiled onions, rice pudding and vegetable soup, for until I recover some of my lost flesh I have no use for anything but a Spanish scarf and an ulster.

But will you believe me when I tell you that these packs are taken regularly by the fashionably progressive women of New York every day in the week? It's a fact.—New York World.

A Host's Thoughtfulness.

Brown (of Philadelphia)—Come right in, old fellow. Your room is ready and everything necessary to make you feel completely at home is prepared.

Jones (of Pittsburg)—Hope you haven't taken any trouble on my account.

Brown (heartily)—Very little, but that little will count. Have had four dozen cable car gongs hung under your window and hired a boy to bang them every day and all night.

Jones (overjoyed)—Bless you, old boy! Your thoughtfulness is simply delightful.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Horribly Irreverent.

A very wicked young person, to whom an admirer of Ibsen showed the dramatist's photograph, said, with a lofty sneer: "If you wish a real good picture of a Marmoset monkey why don't you get one?"—Boston Herald.